



The Ladies' Man

He's not pretty,
really. Porcupine hair. Knuckles
for eyeballs. But he slays them
with that voice,
a slow bear climbing
a honey tree,
those kisses a barn full
of electric swallows,
that cock
a shot of bourbon
smoothing them out.
Women full of a fool.
Afterwards they roll around
with their wedded husbands,
like dogs gone wild
with fleas.